

## IS IT A SIN TO USE TOBACCO?

MRS. EMMA REYNER

Will you allow me a small space in which to express my views?

The first question: "Is it a sin to smoke and chew tobacco?" First, it is a waste of money and time which might both be employed to profit. Second, it is setting a ruinous example to boys who are anxious to become men and will do just as they see men do. If they see a preacher or deacon, father or brother, smoke, chew and drink, they are going to follow the example set for them, and are ruined before reaching manhood. The natural thirst created by tobacco calls for drink, and drink leads to indolence, gambling, poverty and death.

The second question: "Is it a defilement of the body?" I think it is. Persons render themselves obnoxious by the use of tobacco that their presence can scarcely be tolerated because of their breath and the odor of their clothes. They are found everywhere, churches not excepted. Paul, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, third chapter, sixteenth verse, asks the question, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" and states in the following verse that: "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy." Paul may refer here only to spiritual faith, but as his language applies to the body, bodily filth I think is also meant, for how can the temple be holy if filthy habits are indulged in?

The apostle exhorts us to "lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us." I consider the two first and most easily besetting sins for boys and young men to be tobacco and drink, with all their accompanying evils which are to be found everywhere.

Some one once found a piece of plug tobacco on the ground and said, giving it a kick into the gutter. "Somebody has lost his idol." In India they have idols for street and temple, house and pocket. There are those in this land who are worshipers of this dirty little pocket idol, tobacco. We know many love it more than God, for they give more money for it in a week than they give God in a month or year. May this little pocket idol never separate our boys from God. God bless this small effort for His glory.

Stockton, Calif.

The craven go in crowds. To them the voice of the multitude is the voice of God. But the hero knows that God speaks to the single soul, and that it was the voice of a multitude that crucified the Lord of heaven. So he will stand for Christ even though he stand alone.

Pray for yourself alone, and you get nothing; pray for others, and you get—God.

## Home Circle

## Have Pity, Lord!

Have pity, Lord, upon the poor,  
The poor who think themselves the rich,  
Who only of this world are sure,  
And know not of the treasury which  
Thy children hold, who with Thee stay  
And share Thy glory day by day.

Have pity, Lord, on hearts that lie  
Wrapped in a selfish peace, asleep;  
That will not wake at misery's cry,  
That can be glad while others weep,  
That shut Thy holy light away  
And dream that their own night is day.

Have pity, Lord, on us, the blind,  
Who lead Thy groping souls astray;  
On us, the proud, whose foolish mind  
Will not believe in Thee, the Way!  
Pity us, humble us, till we,  
As little children, follow Thee!

Have pity, Lord, upon us all,  
Us sinners, judging others' sins,  
Scoffing at stumblers while we fall.  
O loving Lord, whoever wins  
A place beside Thee in thy heaven  
Must win it as a soul forgiven.

—Lucy Larcom.

## THE SHOEMAKER AND THE LITTLE WHITE SHOES

Francis E. Williard.

I write down the following story from memory. It was related by one of the original Crusaders of Ohio, in an audience where I was present:

"One morning during the crusade a drunkard's wife came to my door.

"She carried in her arms a baby six weeks old. Her pale, pinched face was sad to see, and she told me this sorrowful story: 'My husband is drinking himself to death: he is lost to all human feeling; our rent is unpaid, and we are liable to be put out into the street; and there is no food in the house for me and the children. He has a good trade, but his earnings all go into the saloon on the corner near us. He is becoming more and more brutal and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin. How can I, feeble as I am, with a babe in my arms, earn bread for myself and children?'

"Quick as thought the question came to me, and I asked it: 'Why not have this husband of yours converted?'

"But she answered, hopelessly: 'O! there's no hope of such a thing; he cares for nothing but strong drink.'

"I'll come and see him this afternoon,' said I.

"He'll insult you,' she replied.

"No matter,' said I; 'my Savior was insulted, and the servant is not above his Lord.'

"That very afternoon I called at the little tenement house. The husband was at work at his trade in a back room, and his little girl was sent to tell him that a lady wished to see him. The child, however, soon returned with this message: 'My pa says he won't see any one.'

"But I sent him a message proving that I was, indeed, in earnest. I said:

'Go back and tell your pa that a lady wishes to see him on very important business, and she must see him, if she has to stay till after supper.'

"I knew very well that there was nothing in the house to eat. A moment afterward a poor, bloated, besotted wreck of a man stood before me.

"What do you want?' he demanded, as he came shuffling into the room.

"Please be seated and look at this paper,' I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the other end of the table where I was sitting and handing a printed pledge to him.

"He read it slowly, and then, throwing it down on the table, broke out violently: 'Do you think I'm a fool? I drink when I please and let it alone when I please. I'm not going to sign away my personal liberty.'

"Do you think you can stop drinking?'

"Yes, I could, if I wanted to.'

"On the contrary, I think you're a slave to the rumshop down on the corner.'

"No, I ain't any such thing.'

"I think, too, that you love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl.'

"No I don't either.'

"Well, let us see about that. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes and a white dress and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I came here and your girl, more beautiful than she, has on a faded, ragged dress and her feet are bare.'

"And you love the saloon-keeper's wife better than you do your own wife. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house I saw his wife come out with the little girl, and she was dressed in silks and laces, and a carriage waited for her. Your money helped to buy the silks and laces and the horses and the carriage. I came here and I find your wife in a faded calico gown doing her work. If she goes anywhere she must walk.'

"You speak the truth, madam.'

"You love the saloon-keeper better than you love yourself. You say you can keep from drinking, if you choose, but you helped the saloon-keeper to build himself a fine brick house and you live in this poor, tumble-down old house yourself.'

"I never saw it in that light before.' Then holding out his hand, that shook like an aspen leaf, he continued: 'You speak the truth, madam—I am a slave. Do you see that hand? I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves, or I cannot do it: but tomorrow, if you call, I will sign the pledge.'

"That's a temptation of the devil. I did not ask you to sign the pledge. You